Your legges did better ſeruice then your hands,
War. I, then twas my turne to flye, but now t'is thine.
Clif. you ſaid as much before, and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your valour Clifford droue me thence.
Nor. No, nor your manhood *Warwick*, ỹ could make yee ſtay.
Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, we hold
Thee reuerently.
Breake off the parley, for ſcarce I can refraine
The execution of my big ſwolne heart,
Againſt that Clifford there, that cruell child-killer.
Clif. Why I kild thy Father, calſt thou him a childe?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother Rutland,
But ere Sun-ſet Ile make thee curſſe the deed.
King. Haue done with words great Lords,
And heare me ſpeake.
Queene. Defie them then, or elſe hold cloſe thy lips.
King. I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,
I being a King, am priuiledg'd to ſpeake.
Clif. My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,
Cannot be cur'd with words, therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then executioner vnſheath thy ſword,
By him that made vs all, I am reſolu'd
That *Cliffords* man-hood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What ſayſt thou Henry, ſhall I haue my right or no?
A thouſand men haue broke their faſt to day,
That nere ſhall dine, vnleſſe thou yeeld the Crowne.
War. If thou deny, their bloods be on thy head.
For *Yorke* in iuſtice, puts his Armour on.
Prin. If all be right that *Warwicke* ſayes is right,
There is no wrong, but all things muſt be right.
Rich. Whoſoeuer got thee, there thy mother ſtands,
For well I wot thou haſt thy mothers tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Dam,
But like a fowle-miſhapen ſtigmaticke,
Markt by the Deſtinies to be auoided,
As venom'd Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.

Rich.